

Worst Kept Secret

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Worst Kept Secret

by [JanetBaby99](#)

Summary

“You can’t laugh. You have to swear you won’t laugh,” Sapnap holds out both of his pinkies.

George takes his left, Dream takes his right.

“You pinky swore, if you break it I break your pinkie,” he warns.

They both nod.

“I...” he can’t believe he’s about to say it out loud. “I have a small dick, okay?”

George snorts. It’s mortifyingly close to a laugh.

Sapnap has a small dick, Dream and George find out and like it a lot more than he expects them to.

Notes

I hope you enjoy reading!

Sapnap overcompensates sometimes.

Occasionally.

Not *a lot*... just sometimes.

It's just that he's small. *Really small*. 5'8 isn't a bad height, a lot of guys are 5'8, but next to Dream and his whopping 6'3 tall ass motherfucker of a best friend? He's tiny. The top of his head barely goes up to the man's mouth. His fingers can literally curl over Sapnap's when they line up their palms. The man wears a size 14 shoe for god's sake, of course Sapnap is going to look small in comparison. It's why he's so hellbent on being taller than George, he has to be taller than at least someone right?

Wrong.

George gets off the plane and the very first thing he does is laugh about how he has an inch on Sapnap. A whole stupid ass inch. He doesn't even get a hug first or a 'hi best friend I've never met irl before its so cool to be here with you' or... whatever it is George would have said.

George is absolutely delighted by this newly discovered fact, even more so at how Sapnap fumes after he says it. He whoops and hollers and says 'let's goooo' in that little annoying way that usually makes Sapnap laugh, but all he wanted to do was hit him that day.

All that talk online, all that talk to Dream and George both and all of their friends about how Sapnap just had to be taller than him, and it was all *wrong*. He could already see the twitter comments now after the face reveal, how everyone would laugh at him for being shorter. Punz would tease him for sure, Karl and Quackity too. Even Dream had a knowingly little smirk on his face watching the entire exchange but thankfully he bit back his comments in the moment, saving them for a later time when Sapnap wasn't about to come unhinged.

So he overcompensates a little, sue him.

He puffs out his chest and maybe he pushes George around a bit more than he should have after that because if anything, George is lanky and Sapnap has muscle. He talks louder than the others, yells a bit more to make himself heard in conversations and tries not to let it get to him, or in the very least to not let it show how badly it bothers him.

For once he just wants to be the alpha male of the friend group, the top dog around the house, but it seems like that day is never going to come.

Eventually, he lightens up, glad to have his best friend finally in America, but at the same time, he can't help but feel... *inferior* in a way.

It's an icky feeling, one that definitely does not get him all hot under the collar.

... okay, no, he will admit it sometimes does, but not all the time. It doesn't feel great when George holds the remote up above his head and makes Sapnap jump for it, and it's not the best when Dream puts stuff up on a high shelf and he has to use a chair to stand on to get it down. All it does is feed his insecurity and makes him overcompensate that much more.

But then the real kicker comes: he falls in love with George and Dream.

He had already been in love with Dream, that's old news by now. George had been a surprise, but it all somehow felt inevitable in a way. Looking back on things he could see how he always had feelings for the British fuck.

At least they didn't have any drama getting together. There weren't any hurt feelings or long dramatic spills about wanting two people at once. It was much more relaxed, like George slipping his hand into Sapnap's under the blanket or Dream kissing his forehead at breakfast. It was soft and easy for them and while they didn't have a long talk about what they are and what it all means, they were all still on the same page about the new budding relationship between them.

But that brings up a whole nother problem. Intimacy.

Because Sapnap is smaller in more ways than one.

"Sapnap?" Dream asks, interrupting his thoughts.

"Hmm?" He looks up from the spot he had been staring off into absently.

Dream rests his hand on his thigh, rubbing gently at the soft skin exposed by the thin basketball shorts he wears that have slowly ridden up. His fingers snag on the sparse hairs dotting his skin, scratching gently in a way that makes him shiver.

"I asked you a question. What are you thinking about?" Dream's hand inches further up.

"Umm..." Sapnap's mind goes blank at the feeling. His hand is so big, curling around his inner thigh.

His mind conjures up the image of Dream using his big hand to hold his thighs open without the basketball shorts blocking the rough drag of his palm and all thought ceases to exist beyond that. "I don't remember," he blanks, trying to recall what had been so distracting, but he's too busy being distracted by his hand now. "What was your question?"

Dream huffs as if it's an inconvenience to repeat himself, squeezing his thigh gently. "I asked if you wanted to watch a movie since George is napping."

"Oh," Sapnap nods. Wow, he's strong too, he's pretty sure a grip like that could bruise...

"Yeah, sure," he shakes himself. "Or we could start Death Note again?"

Dream nods along in agreement, pulling it up on the tv. His hand disappears along with the need to use the controller, so at least he can form complete thoughts that aren't entirely horny.

Sapnap watches him closely. The room is dark thanks to the curtains, only the pale staticky light of the tv illuminating the walls of Dream's bedroom. He's sat with his back to the wall and a pillow in his lap at the top of the bed with Dream at his side, the blankets curling around his waist as he starts an episode. It's nice. It isn't necessarily romantic or anything, but it's cozy, like a world of their own just for them.

Dream tosses the remote off to the side in favor of wrapping an arm around Sapnap's shoulders.

Sapnap relaxes into his hold, laying his head on his shoulder. It's the perfect height and he can't help but notice how well he fits into Dream's side, like he was made for it.

He isn't too sure about the whole soulmates thing, but he can understand why Dream believes in it so heavily in moments like this. Their bodies fit together perfectly like two halves of a puzzle,

three if George didn't insist on taking naps at the strangest of times.

That brings him back to his earlier pattern of thought though. He's so small compared to Dream he literally fits under his arm.

Insecurity blasts through him like a cold shock in his veins. He struggles to push it down, trying to focus on the tv instead of his thoughts of inadequacy that threatens to undermine the comfortable atmosphere in the room.

"Can I kiss you?"

Sapnap jumps, turning his gaze up to Dream. He hadn't even noticed the man looking at him, but now it's all he can feel. It's a physical sensation how his beautiful green eyes stare into Sapnap's, stroking down his cheek and landing on his lips.

"Yeah," Sapnap agrees instantly.

Dream leans in, cupping his cheek with the hand that isn't wrapped around his shoulders.

They've kissed many times in the past month that they've been together, but it's amazing every time. Sapnap can never get enough of how Dream presses into him, how his lips move against his. If he were more of a romantic, he would label it as magical even.

One kiss ends and another begins, the show long forgotten in favor of making out. As always, something deep inside him tells him to dominate the kiss so he does, slipping his tongue into Dream's mouth, taking a hold of his chin to guide him.

Dream lets him, let's himself be dominated and fuck, it's so hot. A breathless sigh melts into a quiet whine that only excites Sapnap even more, egging him on.

Dream's hand that was once around his shoulder trails down his back, slipping under his shirt. He grabs at his hips, pawing at his hoodie to get it up higher and higher and expose more of his torso to the chilled air.

The kiss is broken when Dream pulls him down to the bed, boxing him in with his much larger body.

The pillow from Sapnap's lap is pushed aside just enough to slide his thigh between Sapnap's as he begins kissing along his neck, toying with the strings of his hoodie in contemplation of the easiest way to remove it.

"Can I touch you?" Dream asks quietly, rocking his hips down onto his thigh.

That's when Sapnap feels it. Dream is getting excited, and so is he to be fair, but Dream is *big*. He can feel his half-hard length through his sweats, pressed up against his thigh.

Even half-hard he's bigger than...

Sapnap's face burns. His chest clenches with trepidation, anxious and hesitant. "No, not right now. Let me up."

He pushes against Dream until he can free himself, pulling that pillow back into place across his lap just in case Dream can see more than just the shadows dancing across the bed.

"Sap?" Dream pants, half-lidded eyes hazy with confusion scrunching his perfect features up.

“Sorry,” he whimpers, digging his fingers into the fabric of Dream’s shirt at the collar. He doesn’t know if he wants to pull him back on top of him or push him off the bed entirely.

“What’s wrong?” Dream’s hand finds his against his shirt, wrapping around his hand comfortingly.

“I just...” he struggles to find a reason, any reason, other than the truth. “I’m not ready to...”

“Okay, okay,” Dream leans over, pressing a sweet kiss to Sapnap’s temple. “Are you okay? Do you need me to go or-“

Dream is sickeningly sweet and understanding about the entire thing. It makes Sapnap feel even worse. “Don’t go. Unless you need to take care of that,” he points in the general direction of Dream’s crotch.

“No! No, I’m okay. I just want to spend time with you, any way you want,” Dream wiggles to lay down next to him on the bed. Their breath mingles as they share a pillow. “Is this okay?”

Sapnap nods, hating how bad he just wants to be touched.

Dream hesitantly wraps his arms around him but it’s not enough.

Sapnap will never be enough.

The next time it happens, it’s with George a week later.

Dream is in the bath, soaking or some dumb shit like that, and he and George have been playing video games for the past hour that he’s been in there.

Who can even take a bath for an hour? What do you do for that long?

Sapnap has no clue but every now and then they can hear the water turn back on, as if Dream got cold and added more warm water, the equivalence of dropping a few coins into a machine to get a longer time with it.

“I bet he’s all prune,” George giggles, pressed up tight to Sapnap’s side, controller forgotten in his hand.

“He has to be so wrinkly by now,” Sapnap shakes his head. “Wanna play another game?”

He shakes his controller a little to remind George of what they were doing before he got distracted thinking about Dream in the bath. He can’t blame him though, it’s probably a pretty sight. Pale skin flushed from the heat, pink splotches dotting his cheeks and wild wet hair that drips down his brow and neck.

Yeah, Sapnap is 100% sure Dream looks amazing in that bath right now, even if his fingertips are prune.

“Orrrr...” George trails off, bouncing forward to set his remote down on the coffee table. He snatches Sapnap’s too, setting it down beside his when he bounces back. “We can do something else.”

“Like what?” Sapnap furrows his brows.

George gives him a low look, the hint of a smile playing at the ends of his lips. “Like this?”

Before Sapnap can comprehend it, George is in his lap, legs clad in soft grey sweatpants settling over the sides of his thighs as he straddles his waist. His knee awkwardly catches Sapnap’s elbow that he pulls out quickly to give him enough room to settle in.

Slender fingers trail against his sides tentatively, brushing over his clothed chest. Sapnap shivers, so glad he wore a t-shirt today rather than a hoodie, otherwise he wouldn’t be able to feel the feathery touch.

Hesitant hands settle on George’s hips for lack of a better place to put them, forearms resting on plush thighs.

Sapnap looks up, taking in the sight. George is gorgeous from this angle. His jawline is sharp, edged with day-old stubble that makes him look more rugged and less like an angel, but Sapnap can’t say he prefers him with or without it, it looks good either way. His dark brown eyes are zeroed in on Sapnap, soft hair tousled artfully to one side that he craves to run his fingers through.

George doesn’t ask to kiss him like Dream does, he just goes for it. He leans in slow, giving Sapnap plenty of time to push him off if he really wants to, but doing that is the furthest thing from his mind right now. All he wants to do is drag him in closer, so he does, with a grip like steel on his slender waist he pulls, urging George down further.

The kiss is passionate, less tender, and more eager than how his and Dream’s started out.

Sapnap groans into it, nibbling at his lip and licking behind his teeth. It’s wet and messy, growing messier and messier with each time they part. More than once one of them leans in while the other is still trying to catch their breath in an open mouth pant, having to wait until they can breathe well enough to continue.

Sapnap slips his hand beneath his shirt, wiggling into the folds of his sweats to grip at his ass while George runs his fingers through Sapnap’s hair, tugging on the silky strands with each searing kiss he earns. It’s wonderful, amazing, so freaking hot Sapnap could bust right then and there if George would just move his hips a little further up-

Sapnap jolts back.

Startled, George sits up with wide eyes. “What was that?”

“Sorry,” Sapnap cringes.

“What’s there to be sorry for?” George rolls his hips back against Sapnap’s hand, still trapped between the sweats and his boxers.

The sweatpants hide nothing. George is hard, or at least partially hard.

He pulls his hand out, grabbing hold of the man in his lap to push him back before George can feel anything for himself.

“What?” George’s voice is small and weak with a breathless confusion. He lets himself be guided back onto the couch, cheeks bright red and lips parted with spit still slicking the pink skin.

Not again, Sapnap thinks desperately. He can’t do this again.

But he has to. What's the alternative here?

"I don't want to go any further," Sapnap explains tentatively.

George curls in on himself, arms wrapped around his stomach. "Did I do something wrong or--"

"No!" Sapnap hurries to comfort him. "No you did nothing wrong, I promise."

It kills him to think that George thinks he did something wrong. If Sapnap was normal it wouldn't be a problem.

His heart is racing, fracturing at the worried look he receives from his boyfriend.

George nods, accepting it for now but Sapnap can tell he doesn't fully believe him. He leans back against the couch in a faux relaxed pose, but he's careful to keep himself to his cushion, not invading Sapnap's space by even a hair.

"Can we just cuddle and play another game?" Sapnap suggests carefully, reaching for the remotes abandoned on the coffee table.

George blushes and looks away. "I'm kinda..." he gestures at himself. "Hard. I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

"You won't! You won't make me uncomfortable I promise, come here," Sapnap pats the dip in the couch that George had been sitting in before.

George is stiff as he scoots closer, hesitant when he takes the controller from Sapnap.

Sapnap wraps his arms around his waist, careful in his comfort to not give him the wrong idea. "Sorry."

He really feels terrible about this, for both George and Dream. They don't deserve to have to deal with his shitty issues like this.

"Don't be sorry. I don't want to do something you don't want to do," George says earnestly.

Sapnap stares at George's bulge in the awkward air, still persistent in his pants.

Why couldn't he be like them?

Sapnap knew he shouldn't have agreed to movie night in Dream's bed, not after what happened last time he was in bed with him.

It starts innocently enough though.

George has been careful with Sapnap since that day on the couch, but with Dream, he's full steam ahead. One second they're watching a movie and the next, Sapnap looks over and George has a hand up Dream's shirt while they kiss sweetly.

Dream lets out a little noise that goes straight to his dick, soft and pretty. His hand reaches out, fumbling around on the bed until he finds Sapnap's wrist and tugs him closer.

He goes against his better judgment but can anyone really blame him? Even with his *problem* he still has desire. He wants to be a part of things like this, he wants to have sex with his incredibly hot boyfriends. How many people can say they have not one hot boyfriend but two?? Not many. He wants everything they have to offer and more, he'd sell his soul to have them the way they're asking for right now.

Sex is a normal part of relationships. It's been over a month since they got together, they've been on so many dates he's lost count, it's natural to be at the sex stage of the relationship. He's thought about it for so long now too, how it would feel to be underneath Dream, how burning humiliation would course through him when he teases him or when George touches him... he wants it so bad, but the fear of rejection is still there, ever present at the back of his mind like a snake ready to strike.

This isn't some random hookup like he's had in the past, this is Dream and George. What if they don't like his body? What if they mean the mean comments they'll undoubtedly make or what if they... what if they...

His thoughts are broken as the two break apart and Dream kisses him next while George presses easy kisses along Dream's neck. He's laying back against the pillows, pulling Sapnap over top of him with George by his side.

Once they break apart, George is on him next, carefully kissing him as if he were made of glass.

Sapnap deepens it. He needs it, he needs George to stop holding him like he might break, but he understands why he does.

It's not fair, none of this is fair.

Dream pulls his shirt off and reaches for Sapnap's and that is when he decides it's time to go. He needs to stop this before it goes any further.

He parts from George, grabbing ahold of Dream's hand quickly to stop him.

There's that worried look again, pretty green eyes following him as he detaches from the mess of limbs on the bed. "Are you okay?"

Sapnap does his best to keep the waiver from his voice. "Yeah, I'm fine. I'm gonna go though, just let y'all do that," he gestures around them, wanting to cry. "I'll go to my room for a bit and whenever you're done you can come get me or something. If you want, or if you don't, you know, that's cool too," he tacks on at the end, wanting to cringe right out of his skin.

"You don't want to stay?" George asks, dark eyes furrowed in confusion.

"Nah, I'm good." he lies, trying to sound casual.

"Did we do something to make you uncomfortable?" Dream asks.

"No!" Sapnap yelps. "Not at all."

Dream is trying to understand, he can see the little gears turning in his head and he works through the situation. "You just don't want to have sex with us?"

"Right," he lies again. He's getting really sick of lying so much.

"Okay," Dream accepts him just as he always has. "That's okay, we can wait until you're ready

too, baby.”

“No! No you two go ahead! Please. Don’t wait for me.” *I’ll never be ready. It’s too embarrassing* . Tears blur the corners of vision out of pure frustration. “Please don’t wait for me.”

“Sap,” Dream begs, concern pinching his features. “Sap please just talk to us, what’s wrong? I don’t understand. “

“It’s embarrassing. And I don’t want you to laugh at me or hate me or whatever. I’m sorry. I’m sorry I’m leading you on, or giving you blue balls.” He whimpers. “Maybe you shouldn’t be with me anymore.”

“What? You’re breaking up with us?” George’s jaw drops.

Is he?

It’s the farthest thing from what he wants, he doesn’t know how he could survive without them now that he’s had them.

“Sapnap please,” George whimpers.

“It’s embarrassing,” he stresses.

“I know you had food poisoning in a Home Depot once,” Dream blurts out, eyes wide. “I know you sneezed after your first kiss and the girl had snot on her face.”

What.

Where did that come from?

Sapnap blushes deep. “What does that have to do with anything? I’m gross?”

“You’re human, we all do embarrassing stuff is what I’m getting at.” Dream explains. “And I already know embarrassing stuff about you so what’s one more thing? Just tell us.”

“I do embarrassing stuff,” George offers up. “I didn’t shower for like over a week, not because I was depressed or any other valid reason I was just too lazy to shower. What else... I threw up at a friend’s house and the toilet wouldn’t flush so I just left.”

Sapnap snorts, tension draining from his shoulders.

“I pissed the bed, multiple times,” Dream nods. “Like. I pissed the bed a month ago and didn’t tell you because I didn’t want you to laugh at me.”

“It’s not an act that’s embarrassing though,” Sapnap sniffs. “It’s my body.”

“Okayyy,” Dream thinks. “I have a weird birthmark on my ass cheek. It’s shaped like the uh... the outline of a Pokémon. George?”

“Uhh... I don’t know... one of my nipples is kind of funny shaped I guess,” he nods, looking to Sapnap as if it was his turn to share what made his body so weird.

He’s going to have to tell them sooner or later, huh? Even if he stormed out right now and hid in his room, they would come asking again and again. Not because they’re desperate or trying to push him into having sex, but because they’re his best friends before they’re his boyfriends and best friends are nosy assholes that won’t let him suffer alone with his insecurity.

They're too nice and caring. What a bunch of dickheads.

Resigned, he makes up his mind.

"You can't laugh. You have to swear you won't laugh," Sapnap holds out both of his pinkies.

George takes his left, Dream takes his right. "You pinky swore, if you break it I break your pinkie," he warns.

They both nod.

"I..." he can't believe he's about to say it out loud. "I have a small dick, okay?"

George snorts. It's mortifyingly close to a laugh.

Dream elbows him roughly in the chest. "Ow."

"I didn't want you to know," Sapnap cowers down. He wishes the bed would just swallow him whole. He knew they would laugh at him like that.

"Hey, it's not that bad!" Dream is quick to console him. "How big is it?"

George elbows him that time.

"Sorry," Dream giggles.

"I'm gonna go," Sapnap tries to unlock his fingers from theirs, looking to the door longingly.

"No! No, don't just stay here and talk to us. Please," Dream begs, holding on tighter. "So is that why you keep pushing us away?"

Sapnap nods hesitantly. "I've only had a couple of friends with benefits in the past, you know? And they always made fun of it," his face is on fire. He wishes they'd stop looking at him like this, it feels like he's under the heat of a spotlight shining down on top of him with all their attention on him. "I just don't want you to hate it, or hate me, or to not be... good enough."

There it is, the heart of the issue.

"Oh, Sap," Dream sighs, frowning deeply. "I don't care about your body, I care about you. I love you, honey, not your dick. They should have never made fun of you in the past. We wouldn't do that."

Pet names between them are rare, especially after he and George mercilessly teased Dream about his use of pet names right after they got together, but instead of sounding cringy, it makes him untense. The way Dream says it is so full of love it's hard not to relax into it.

"I wouldn't say that," he says sheepishly. "I liked them making fun of it. It got me off *a lot*."

"So you're worried that we would make fun of you... but you would like us to make fun of you?" George furrows his brows, trying to comprehend what Sapnap is trying to say.

"Yeah," he covers his face. "Basically. I like it a lot but I also don't want you to mean it. It's dumb."

"It's not dumb, I get it," George assures him quickly with a hand on his arm. George's hands are always so cold, but tonight his touch is a burning point of contact. "I make fun of you all the time

but I only mean it like, half of the time.”

That earns a snort from Sapnap. “Half of the time?”

“Half,” George grins.

He feels... better. George has a way of making everyone feel better with an unmatched ease. He doesn't know how he does it, but it feels like all his worries have been put to rest for the most part. There's still a lingering fear, a budding anticipation, but for now, he feels more comfortable than he has since they got together.

“So do you want to do something else tonight?” Dream asks quietly. “Or do you want to try sex?”

“Horny,” Sapnap accuses, finally feeling light enough he can tease the others.

“A little,” Dream blushes.

Sapnap worries his lip. “Can we try?”

“Come here then,” Dream tugs him closer.

He falls into them slowly and carefully, letting them situate him so he's in the middle, back pressed to the pillows in a similar way to how he had been with Dream before.

George kisses him first, soft and sweet. The languid swirl of his tongue into his mouth is heavenly, coupled with the teasing touch of Dream's fingers as he works his shirt off, breaking the kiss to pull it over his head.

If George isn't kissing him, Dream is, hot and heavy, biting at his lip with bruising teeth. George's mouth is on his neck, working its way down his chest as he slithers further down the bed.

He knows they're curious now. He can feel it in their eagerness to get his pants off, so focused in on him.

Wanting to help, he tries to pull at the band of his pants, but his fingers shake so hard he can't get a grip on it.

“You okay?” Dream asks, carefully taking both of his hands in his much bigger ones, thumb stroking over his knuckles.

“Yes,” Sapnap sighs. “Keep going.”

Dream doesn't let go of his hands when George takes hold of his pants. Even when he jerks instinctually at the feeling of the band sliding down around his thighs, Dream doesn't let him move.

Sapnap hides his face in Dream's shoulder, cringing at being so exposed. His underwear soon follows, exposing his half-hard cock that sits between his thighs to their curious gazes.

3 inches and that's only when he's hard. Soft, it's even smaller, just a bit longer than the dicks that look like buttons.

It's so fucking small it kills him.

“That's it?” George asks, looking him over. He runs his thumb over his cock, stroking the underside.

The innocent question sends a jolt up through his body. It's so demeaning the way he phrases it, like he expects there to be more. His hips buck up into his hand, a small whimper leaving his chest.

"George," Dream thumps him on the ear, making him wince.

"It's okay," Sapnap burns from the inside out. "I like it," he insists again.

George continues stroking the short length in front of him. He's only using two fingers and somehow that's even more embarrassing. "Would you tell me if I go too far?"

He nods again. Words are too hard right now but he forces them out the best he can. "I know it's confusing. I said not to laugh and then..."

"Hey, no it's okay," Dream comforts him time and time again. "Whatever you want to do we can do it."

"It's so small baby. So cute. I could fit the whole thing in my mouth," George eyes his cock, looking it over still. Sapnap hesitantly relaxes back, hips rolling into his touch.

Dream knocks George's hand away, just seeming just as fascinated as George.

"Sap," Dream groans, massaging over him. "You're perfect."

"Dream," he whimpers, holding onto the man's wrist to keep him in place. It feels so good to rock up into someone else's hand other than his own that he's been using since his last hookup forever ago. It feels even better to hear that validation. It's such a stark contrast from George's cruel words it sets him on fire with desire for more.

"I wanna do so much now," George admits. "I want you to fuck my mouth, I wanna feel you inside me, I wanna make you cum over and over and over."

"You're a freak," Sapnap grumbles, face going red.

"It's just so little, look," George wraps his hand around his cock again. "You fit in my hand."

He sounds astonished.

Sapnap is absolutely humiliated. "George..."

"Too much?" he asks, tone softening.

"No." Sapnap presses closer into Dream. "Want more."

Saying he wants more is all George needs, eagerly leaning down to take Sapnap's cock into his mouth.

It's so fucking wet and warm. George doesn't even have to try to fit it all in his mouth either, nose brushing his pubic hair.

Big doe eyes look up at Sapnap. He can see the mirth in his face as if to say 'told you it would fit'. Sapnap doesn't have time to dwell on it though because then George hallows his cheeks, working his tongue around him.

Sapnap moans, finding George's hair, lacing his fingers into it, and pulling hard.

Dream captures his mouth in another searing kiss and he can't focus on either one of them. It's all

so much, so very overwhelming. George lets his head be guided, lets Sapnap fuck his mouth like this. It's a heady rush no matter his size to have such control over another, to be able to push his head down until his nose is brushing his pelvis and pull it back to get that tight suction on just the tip before slamming him back down.

He doesn't gag no matter how Sapnap moves, pulling him off his cock and all the way back down, fucking his face. He bucks up especially hard to make him choke but it never happens. The tip barely brushes the back of his throat on his hardest thrusts.

It irritates that deep-seated insecurity inside him, it makes him want to go harder, to prove that even if it's small he can still use it. He pulls harder, fucking into the wet heat around him. It's so much better than his hand, fuck his hand he's never jerking off again as long as he has George and Dream willing to touch him instead. George's tongue is heavenly and he can't think past the fog clouding his brain.

Dream finishes undressing, a gentle hand easing the harsh hold he has on George's hair.

He lets go apologetically, noticing the tears in the man's chocolate eyes. He doesn't like it, that would be fucked up to like making your boyfriend cry.

But at the same time he kind of likes it. George is pretty when his cheeks are damp and flushed, hair wild and pupils blown as he stares up at Sapnap like he holds the stars in his hands.

He pulls off with a pop, lips red from being stretched around him and used. "Sap."

"Hmm?"

"Fuck you, see if I blow you again," George complains breathlessly.

It's a useless complaint and they all three know it. George is rock hard in his remaining pants, rutting down on Sapnap's leg the entire time he had been blowing him.

"Oh you will," Sapnap says confidently.

George's face heats up and he rolls his eyes. "Whatever. Shut up."

It's the defensive tone that is the final nail in his coffin. He can't even begin to lie and say he didn't enjoy having his face fucked just then.

Dream chuckles, the hand that had been on Sapnap's trailing down the brunet's cheek to his parted lips, wiping up the spit that dripped down his chin and pressing it back into his waiting mouth.

George's eyelashes flutter, closing his mouth around Dream's finger instinctually to suck the spit off.

"Next time it's my turn," Dream warns playfully.

Shame courses through Sapnap at how George glances nervously at Dream's cock.

Of course, he couldn't have an average size dick. What about Dream is average-sized? His is huge, long, and thick. It's more than double Sapnap's size when he's hard, maybe even a bit more.

It's embarrassing.

His cheeks redden. He doesn't know if he wants to cover himself up or sit on Dream's lap so they can grind their dicks against one another. Just imagining makes him twitch, a shiver running up his

spine at how it would feel to line his hips up with Dream and feel just how much bigger he is.

“You okay?” Dream asks Sapnap patiently, noticing his reaction.

“You’re big,” he whimpers.

Dream doesn’t move, letting Sapnap wrap his hands around his dick. He isn’t all the way hard but he’s close, getting there with a couple of tentative strokes of his hands.

“You want him to fuck you?” George asks him, voice low and coy.

“Yes,” he nods quickly.

Sapnap bites his lip, turning just enough to regard George from under his lashes. “Can... can I fuck you too though?”

“Sap,” George laughs. *Fucking laughs*. “You couldn’t fuck me with that if you wanted to. My first dildo was bigger than you.”

Shame so hot it’s akin to magma rushing over his body, cock twitching uselessly. George makes sure he knows it too, sharp eyes taking in the way it moves against his thigh. “It’s kind of useless huh?”

He wants to protest, to tell him no it’s not useless but there’s something sinful about agreeing with him, something so wrong and perfect when he gives a pitiful nod and clenches his eyes shut.

“Poor baby,” Dream rubs his hand up and down his thigh. He parts them instinctually, eager to give Dream the room he needs to fully touch him, but the most he gets is a quick caress to his inner thigh, so very close to where he wants it most but nowhere near as satisfying.

George gets on his knees, wiggling out of his pants and boxers.

George is bigger than him too, of course he is. He takes himself in hand, stroking his hand up and down his cock while eyeing Sapnap spread out against the bed. He doesn’t even have to say anything. All he does is let out a little snort and Sapnap is turning his face away, cheeks red.

“You want me to fuck you, right?” Dream asks, leaning over to open the drawers of his dresser.

“Yeah, I’d like that,” Sapnap admits, waiting in anticipation.

Dream rummages around before producing a bottle of lube, flipping back onto the bed, eager to pop the cap and squirt some into his hand. “Are you ready?”

Sapnap nods.

He isn’t too sure how he feels being the only one to spread his legs right now but he does so, giving Dream room to situate himself between his thighs. On one hand, it’s amazing to have all their attention as Dream circles his rim, smearing the sticky coating around his hole before sliding a finger in, but on the other It’s just slightly humiliating, making him want to draw his knees closed around his wrist to escape George’s eyes who watches eagerly and Dream’s enraptured gaze.

“Kiss me?” He asks, wanting to involve George but also wanting to escape the hungry looks he’s giving him.

“What if I don’t want to kiss you?” George teases. It’s soft and easy, no different than the way they normally tease each other. It has him relaxing back against the pillows with an easy smile.

“You know you want to kiss me,” he answers back.

“Says who?”

“Says your mom.”

George’s face screws up and Dream giggles, Sapnap chuckling too at how disgusted he looks.

“Bring up my mother again and I’ll leave.”

“Just kiss me and stop being a little bitch,” Sapnap rolls his eyes, holding out his hand.

George rolls his right back, leaning in to steal another kiss.

It feels better once his eyes are off him and his lips are on him instead. George is a good kisser, great even, the way he sucks his bottom lip and nips the soft skin when he lets go, slips his tongue in, and licks behind his teeth. Dream’s finger is nice too, though the first isn’t ever his favorite. His favorite is having two or three and he’s eager to get there already.

Dream adds a second finger, George drinking down the noise it draws from Sapnap, never letting him catch his breath.

Dream’s other hand that isn’t pumping into him strokes over his cock slowly, rubs his thumb on the sensitive underside just below his head until Sapnap can’t stay still any longer, bucking his hips up to chase the feeling.

“Can’t believe you wanted to hide this from us,” Dream tuts, playing with his dick while searching for his prostate. “Sapnap, you’re so small. My finger is longer than you are.”

“Dream,” he whines.

“Does anyone else know? Did you ever tell your friends, Karl?” Dream asks.

“No,” he shakes his head adamantly. His thighs clench at the first touch to his prostate and he can’t help but grind down a little in search of getting more amazing pressure on that spot.

“No, because they would have made fun of you, huh?” his voice is low and gruff with arousal.

He nods frantically, reaching down to cover himself up only for Dream to bat his hand away.

“Don’t hide it, baby, I love it. It looks so good on you, all tiny and cute.”

Sapnap wraps his arms around George digging his short, blunt nails into his back as a third finger is added. With every jab to his sweet spot, every touch to his small cock is overwhelming, the subtle degradation that’s much less direct than George’s but still so, so good.

“Dream, come on,” Sapnap pulls himself from George’s sinful lips just long enough to demand the other to get a move on. He can’t take anymore, he needs to feel Dream inside him already.

The second they aren’t kissing anymore, George is biting down his neck, rolling his hips down into the bed to get the friction on his neglected cock he desperately needs.

“You sound so desperate,” Dream huffs a laugh.

If Sapnap’s cheeks could get any redder they would. “I am okay, just hurry up.”

“Come here,” Dream begins to guide him up, turning him around so he’s on his knees with his ass in the air.

George sits up, excitedly wiggling in front of Sapnap and wrapping his arms around his neck so he's suspended between the two, knees digging into the bed with the only thing holding him up is the unyielding grip he has on George's shoulders.

Dream used the lube once more. The anticipation is killing him, unable to see behind him to know what's going on. All he can hear is the pop of the cap and slick squelch of lube.

Dream once again grabs onto his hips. "Tell me if it's too much okay?"

Sapnap nods.

The way Dream can just *move* him whenever he wants is something heady that sends him floating even higher above the ground. He's big and strong, checking every single one of Sapnap's boxes that never fails to turn him on.

George does too in his own way, the way his hands are surprisingly strong, holding him up, the way he's just slightly taller than him, enough that even if it pisses him off it turns him on too. It's so hot how much smaller he is than them, like they can do anything they wanted and Sapnap would be all too eager to let them take it.

The blunt head of Dream's cock pokes at his rim, sliding between his cheeks a couple times before pressing in.

The stretch is painful, and belatedly he realizes he should have let Dream stretch him out better, but it's the kind of pain that only makes him harder, makes him crave more and more of it. He muffles his whines and moans, biting the inside of his cheek as Dream continues to push further and further in.

Dream's hips settle against his and the best Sapnap can do is whimper into the crook of George's neck. Fuck, he's big. Sapnap doesn't think he's ever taken anyone as big as Dream. He's thick too, spreading him out and filling him up good. It's so good he half wonders if this is what his body is meant to do, take their giant cocks and the thought fills him with an unbearable need.

His mind drifts to what it would feel like if George pushed in beside him but he's definitely sure that would be too much. Dream is too big for that, his body is too small, he couldn't take it.

"Feels good," he offers up in the silence as the other two wait with bated breath until he's ready.

"You okay?" The older man behind him rubs the small of his back caringly.

"Yes, move please, Dream," Sapnap digs his nails into George a little harder, making him grunt in protest.

"You don't have to beg for it," Dream teases, adding layer after layer of humiliation over him until he's drowning in it.

Dream begins to move slowly but surely. Sapnap clings onto George, bites his neck when he can force his brain into action. He laps at the bites, flattening his tongue to lick long stripes up his skin.

Dream drives into him, George petting his hair appreciatively while he does his best to stay still and take it.

It's a big stretch, his mind going blank when George squirts lube into his hand. For a second he fears he might try to squeeze in beside Dream, his mouth open to ask what George is planning

when he reaches between his legs and starts jerking Sapnap off hard and fast.

“George George George-“ Sapnap sobs. He’s never had so many sensations at once, he’s never *felt* so much. His skin stings, electricity shocking him through his very core. He clings onto George’s shoulders, stroking up his neck and cheek. He looks up to his face and nearly falls apart with how much he loves him.

George gives him a dark smile, never stopping and neither does Dream. “Say you have a small dick again, it was hot when you said it earlier.”

Sapnap gasps.

“Come on,” George purrs. “Say it for me, Sap.”

Dream is quiet, waiting to hear him say it too, the air filled with nothing but the lewd squelch of lube being fucked in and out with every drag of Dream’s dick inside of him. The pressure in his groin grows with the flare of embarrassment in his chest. With all his partners in the past when he asked them to tease him or let them tease him never once did they ask him to be a willing participant in it. It’s terrible, it’s amazing, he wants more, wants to let it consume him entirely.

“I have a small cock,” he whispers. He can’t force his voice louder than that, his ears burn, his cheeks are on fire, there’s a tremble in his lungs and fingers as he bends to George’s will.

“What was that?” George smirks, speeding up his hand. His other reaches lower, playing with his balls, rolling them between his fingers until his back arches.

“I have a small cock!” He cries, head thrown back. “Mm gonna... mm-“ he comes with a choked sob, pumping into the man’s fist. His breath catches in his chest and it takes all he can to stay up right so Dream can continue to use him.

After his muscles unlock he falls boneless into George’s neck once more.

“You okay?” Dream rubs the small of his back.

“Keep going please keep going I need it,” he whines through his labored breaths.

Dream moans, picking up the pace once again when Sapnap gives the okay. His body is on fire with overstimulation, every brush to his prostate making his shoulders shake and thighs quiver.

George holds him through it, but Sapnap fights out of his hold. He lets go, watching curiously as he falls down into his lap.

George threads his fingers through his hair, gently guiding his mouth closer. Sapnap does the best he can without using his hands that cling onto George’s thighs as his only lifeline.

He opens his mouth, lolling out his tongue, and lets George rub his cock against his cheek, the wet head smearing his skin before tapping the mess he made. Something about being slapped (however small of a slap) is more degrading than anything else so far, worse than them making fun of his dick even.

Still, he keeps his tongue out, waiting patiently until George guides himself into his mouth.

Thankfully he doesn’t pull on his hair, he just holds him. Sapnap relaxes his jaw and keeps his teeth covered but he can only take so much into his mouth before he gags, choking around George’s dick with an awful, embarrassing sound.

“You’re okay,” George coos. It’s mocking, demeaning.

Once again he doesn’t hold him down on his cock as he tries again, the hand in his hair soothing through sweat soaked strands. “You’re doing so good, keep going.”

Eyes watering he does his best while he’s being ruthlessly pounded into.

He sucks and chokes on George, spit dripping down his chin. Dream wraps his hand around his waist, rubbing over his side and stomach before dripping between his thighs to grab his now soft cock, stroking him in time with his thrusts.

He tries to moan around George’s dick but his mouth is too stuffed to let out more than a gurgle.

He can feel himself growing harder, precum drooling over Dream’s fingers and wetting his cock with each twist of his hand. It takes no time at all for him to get hard again, thoughts wiped from his brain worse than he’s ever experienced before in his life. He can’t think, can’t move. All he can do is let himself be used between them and he already knows this is the best sex he’ll ever have in his life, nothing can compare to the feeling.

“Such a perfect size,” Dream pants breathlessly against his shoulder. “You’re so small, looks so cute on you.”

It makes no sense. How can a body part look cute on someone? But it’s so hot and coupled with the burn of overstimulation, blood rushing downward so fast it makes him light-headed. It hurts, it’s so good, he wants more, he wants Dream to let go and stop and to never stop all at the same time, he can’t think can’t breathe.

The painful sting melts into overbearing pleasure. He’s so close so fast after having already cum once he can’t hold back.

“Sap,” George warns, bringing his attention off of his cock and back to the one in his mouth.

He doubles down, bobbing his head faster. He wants George to cum in his mouth so bad, fill him up good, swallow it down and keep the taste in his mouth long after they’re done.

His breath stutters, the hand in his hair tightening ever so slightly when the salty tang of cum spills over his tongue. Sapnap drinks him down eagerly, not letting a single drop past his lips.

Dream is relentless. The second George is pulling him off his dick he’s panting for breath.

“Holy shit Sapnap,” Dream works his hand over him harder until he writhes. “Come on, can you cum again? Just for me with your pretty little cock?”

His head drops onto George’s thigh, limbs jelly, and his head has long since gone blank. The pleasure is blinding and visceral, ripping through his body numbed by the burning humiliation of his words. His thighs shake with how hard he cums, a desperate loud moan pressed into George’s thigh who pets his hair sweetly but Sapnap can hardly feel it.

He stops thinking. He stops breathing. Every ounce of him is honed in on his dick, on the oversensitive skin being rubbed raw, on the tight clench of his gut, on his poor prostate being rammed into over and over.

Dream cums with a low groan and a stutter of his hips, hot cum spilling against his walls. He tightens up at the sensation, making Dream moan again, rubbing his back absentmindedly in quiet thanks.

He can't hold himself up any longer. Sapnap collapses against George, lets himself be pulled up the bed into his arms, head pressed to his chest while he catches his breath.

Even after they got together, he and George are rarely so sweet to one another, but right now it's all he craves and George is all too happy to give it to him. His words don't register with him completely, his brain is floating above the clouds right now, but his tone is soft and warm and the praise and pride he gives is comforting.

Soft hair pressed into his back, followed by a tender kiss between his shoulder blades. Dream wraps his arms around his waist so he's being sandwiched between the two.

Slowly but surely he remembers how to function. The world comes back to him in small increments: the air conditioner coming on and rattling the vents, the forgotten movie still playing in the background, the smell of George's body wash and the tickle of his chest hair, the scratch of Dream's stubble against his shoulder and the cold that slides over him now that the heat of their activities has dissipated.

He feels used. And small.

As nice as it felt in the moment, he hadn't been thinking of after. When the horny mindsets is gone and the reality of their words and actions hits it all he feels is dirty and gross.

All of his dignity is gone, torn to shred in front of his very eyes.

Dream and George know now, they know his worst kept secret. The secret he keeps from everyone, that he hides away to protect himself is laid out to bare.

The urge to compensate comes back tenfold, washes over him like a drug in his system.

He pulls himself from George's arms, reaching for his pants that had been thrown into the floor.

Clothes make him feel a little better, though he can still feel the mixture of lube and cum sticking between his cheeks. Sapnap hides a grimace and stands on legs that sway as if he had been out at sea.

"Where are you going?" George asks, an unguarded expression on his face. He looks so tired, eyes droopy and a sweet smile on his face, far more relaxed than Sapnap has felt this entire day.

"Find a snack or something," he squares his shoulders, keeping his voice strong.

"What? Why?"

He shrugs.

"Don't leave." Dream whines.

Sapnap pauses. He's never heard Dream sound like that before.

He turns back around to face his boyfriends.

Dream has tucked himself into the space on George's chest that he had previously occupied. His eyes are big, bottom lip stuck out as if it were about to tremble.

His voice is small and desperate as he pleads, "Please don't go anywhere, Sap. Get back in bed. Talk to me, cuddle, something. Don't just leave."

Well that makes him feel like a total asshole.

Sapnap is quick to slide back into the bed, running his fingers through blonde strands comfortably.
“What’s wrong?”

“I just don’t want you to go. I don’t want you to push me away anymore. Us away,” he corrects.
“We already know, you don’t have to keep acting like... like *that*.”

“...” to not push them away any more would mean to drop his charade of being a macho tough guy. Can he stop that easily? Can he drop his guard and let them in without his bravado as a mask?

He doesn’t know if he can forever, but he can for now at least if it means Dream will stop looking like he’s about to cry.

“Okay, I’m here,” he lays back down. “Let’s talk.”

George reaches over, playing with the arm hair on the arm slung over Dream’s chest.

It feels alright. They make it alright.

End Notes

Let me know what you thought! My twitter is @Janetbaby99 if you wanna be friends :D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!